

Sam and Joe.

BY SALLIE A. BROOK.

My heart is strangely sad to-night;
The past hangs o'er me like a dream;
And as a bark with fresh trimmed sails,
My thoughts are gliding down the stream.
Ah, those were joyous days, my friend,
The old, old days of long ago,
Though sometimes shadowed by a cloud,
When you were "Sam," and I was "Joe."

I see our home-lands side by side
Gleam white amid the leafy shade;
I hear the bawling of the brook,
I smell the perfumes through the glade;
I feel the dear ones all around—
And some have crossed death's stream,
You know,
But sorrow lightly touched our hearts,
For you were "Sam," and I was "Joe."

Our tutor's form appears again—
His clear, calm eyes, his frosty hair;
His cheeks all seemed like withered fruit;
His lips on which a smile was rare,
Those truthful lips—but time, to him,
Was cruel in its ebb and flow;
Yet little recked we of his griefs,
For you were "Sam," and I was "Joe."

Of discipline we ill approved,
And ill approved of Latin verse;
With classic Greek held bad commune,
Of Hebrew text our hate was worse;
And physics' laws we held in scorn;
And mathematics, too, was slow;
And he would sigh, and we would laugh—
But you were "Sam," and I was "Joe."

And then our college years come up,
So filled with sportive pranks and wiles;
The nights so often glad with mirth,
The days all dimpled o'er with smiles;
More luckless wights than were we two,
The college records did not know;
But glad we put dull care to flight,
And you were "Sam," and I was "Joe."

Our early loves?—You mind them well?—
The months which fitted by like hours?
The walks, the talks?—the rides, the drives?
The bows that bound the bunch of flowers?
The ringing of that old church bell
One morn, which made earth, heaven be-
low?

For we had each a treasure found,
Though you be "Sam," and I was "Joe."

And we were men! And manhood's cares
Have thickly crowded on our path;
Our children cluster round the boards,
And we have felt affliction's scath;
Yet would we not with manhood's joys
Return to days of long ago,
Though bright the beaker to our lips,
When you were "Sam," and I was "Joe."

For manhood's joys are richer far
Than backward glance to boyhood sees;
Than youth, with all our youthful hopes;
We now drink wine upon the lees,
Yet we to each must always be
The same as then, come weal or woe,
Though you are Fame's, the laurel mine,
You still are "Sam," and I am "Joe."

—Appleton's Journal.

MR. KENDALL'S OFFICE,

And One of Its Consequences.

Edward Kendall was a bachelor almost forty years of age. He was never a handsome man; and now his once jetty locks of hair were beginning to be touched with silver, and around the grave, stern mouth were lines that might have been traced by care or sorrow. Yet he was noble-looking, tall and finely formed, with features indicative of great force of character and eyes so keen that they seemed almost to read one's thoughts at the first glance.

He was a farmer in good circumstances, living in plain, unpretending style, with an old lady aged enough to be his mother, his sole companion and housekeeper. He was not a favorite with his neighbors on account of his reticence and reserve, for there is no class of people more social and fond of neighborly freedom than the farmers of New England. But they respected him, nevertheless, for his high moral principles and sound common sense, and as a man of property he received deference where he would not otherwise.

Mr. Kendall was often appointed to office, both of Town and State, and no one discharged such duties more faithfully than he. At the time of which we write he was occupying a position peculiarly distasteful to him, that of examining committee and acting school visitor for the Town. My readers will understand why this was so embarrassing a position when I tell them that in truth Mr. Kendall's reticence sprang almost wholly from bashfulness, and when it is taken into account that the majority of the candidates for examination were ladies—young, old and middle-aged—perhaps they will gladly sympathize with instead of blaming him.

In his younger days Mr. Kendall had thought of marriage, as something that might come to him in the future, but he was so painfully bashful that he had never summoned courage to take the necessary steps toward such a consummation, and the older he grew the more distant seemed the prospect of matrimony. The unmarried ladies of that vicinity had long ago given him up as one upon whom all their arts and fascinations would be lost; and the dream

which had once seemed so sweet to him—the dream of being a husband and father—had faded until only a breath of the old sweetness lingered. He believed that he was destined to remain a single man the rest of his lifetime.

It was early spring and Mr. Kendall's rural labors were often interrupted by candidates for examination, but whenever he was called in to question them his heart sunk like lead in his bosom. It would be hard to say which most dreaded the ordeal—the young, frightened school-girl making her first application for a certificate, or the calm and apparently self-possessed committee whose keen, searching eyes had such power to confuse the young applicant.

One day, as he was working in the garden, he heard the summons that he had learned to dread, and entering the house found a young lady in waiting to be questioned. There was something in her pale, delicate face that impressed him differently from the most of the applicants, for it was not only a very pretty face but a most interesting one. Pale, as I have already said, but not with the pallor of ill health. It was more as though some sudden sorrow had blanched the roses from her cheeks, leaving her white and fair as a lily. A line of crimson showed itself in the pretty lips; the wistful blue eyes were shaded with long, soft lashes, and back from the pure, white brow was brushed the wavy golden hair, tinged with a shade of brown. The form was slight but graceful and was arrayed in deep mourning. Her face was very youthful, and yet there was a maturity of expression rarely seen in the countenances of young maidens.

Mr. Kendall found himself unusually embarrassed in trying to question this beautiful and refined girl, so different from the buxom maidens with whom he was accustomed to deal, and it is to be feared that his queries were not always the most pertinent to the subject. It did not, however, require much tact on his part to discover that she was possessed of an excellent education, and it was with a sense of relief that he felt himself authorized to write her a certificate.

"What name shall I write?" he inquired, hesitatingly.

"Norma Fielding."

He held the pen suspended for a moment as he looked at her inquiringly. "The daughter of the late George Fielding?" he questioned.

She bowed without speaking, and Mr. Kendall felt the blood rush in a quick tide to his face as he thought that this beautiful girl had probably been a neighbor of his all her life, and yet he did not know that he had ever seen her before. He felt that some apology was needed, and he said with a smile such as but rarely illumined his face, "I see the young people about here so seldom that I can scarcely remember their countenances."

"It is not strange that you do not recognize me, for I have been away to school for two or three years, and have but lately returned."

"What school do you design to take?" he inquired.

"The one in this district," was the answer.

"Indeed!" and Mr. Kendall was conscious of a slight feeling of satisfaction as he heard it, for the school-house was not far distant from his home, and he could not be utterly indifferent to the district's choice of a teacher.

George Fielding had died but a few weeks before, and although when living he was thought to be worth considerable property, yet at his death it was found that he had left his family in poverty. Mr. Kendall was aware of these circumstances, and honored the brave girl, who had been brought up and educated so far above her station, for taking the first means that suggested itself to earn her own support. He pitied her deeply, for her sad face told only too plainly of the loss she had sustained in the death of a loving and devoted father. As he passed her the certificate he said, in a tone more tenderly modulated than was his wont, "I knew your father well. He was a kind man, a good neighbor."

A sudden rush of tears dimmed the blue eyes as the kind words fell upon her ear. "Thank you," she said, rising; "he was a good father to us."

"I wish you success with your school," said Mr. Kendall, rising also, "but I should think you were qualified to teach a higher school than this."

"Perhaps I might do better pecuniarily, but I prefer to be at home with my mother for the present."

"Ah! pardon me," and the staid bachelor blushed as deeply as a school-boy. "Then you board at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Isn't it a long walk?"

"I believe they call it two miles, but it does not seem as long as that to me. I shall soon get used to it."

"Again, I wish you success, Miss Fielding. If I—that is, if—you should ever need my services, I shall be pleased to aid you."

"You are very kind—thank you," faltered the girl as she bade him good afternoon and departed.

"I always thought him cross and stern," she said to herself; "I'm sure he was very pleasant. I think I shall quite like him."

And with Mr. Kendall there remained for many days the thought of a pale, sweet face, and soft, musical voice that lingered pleasantly in his memory.

Mr. Kendall dreaded visiting the schools quite as much as examining the teachers, but it was a task which must be performed nevertheless. For some reason he dreaded Norma's the least and made his first visit there. She had been looking forward to this visit with apprehension, for kind as he had been to her, she could not forget that he was called hard and stern by his neighbors. But if she had known that his trepidation exceeded her own when he entered the school-room that afternoon in his self-possessed manner, her fears would have been laid to rest. He tried to listen to the classes with due interest, but much I fear that he paid more attention to the teacher than the pupils and knew little more about their attainments when he left than when he entered. He gave Norma kind words of encouragement, which was much for him, and was something pleasant for her to think of in her wearisome life.

The young teacher found it very lonely to spend so many hours of each day in one tedious routine among these children, who could of course be little company for her, but as time passed on she found a recompense for much that was dull and wearisome in the unvarying kindness of Mr. Kendall. He always had a pleasant word for her when she passed his house, and more than once some acceptable gift from his garden, such as strawberries or cherries, had found their way into her hands. It was not so much the gift that she valued as the kindness that prompted it, and she began to deem the plain face of Mr. Kendall almost handsome.

Mr. Kendall's land extended almost to the school-house, and one field under cultivation was within plain view from the windows. Evidently this piece of land received a great deal of care, for almost any time when Norma looked out she could see him at work there. It was often a great comfort to her, for in that lonely school-room, so far away from all dwellings, she would sometimes have been half afraid but for an occasional glimpse of Mr. Kendall as he worked within her sight.

One afternoon Norma dismissed the school, and having some matters to which she wished to attend, was detained a long time after the children had gone. So busily was she at work that she did not notice how dark it was growing until she heard a low muttering of thunder. Looking from the window she saw to her dismay that the sky was thick with black clouds and a heavy shower was near at hand. It was the work of a moment to throw on her shawl and hat and grasp her dinner-basket, but at the door she met Mr. Kendall coming to see what had become of her.

"You'll not think of going home till the storm passes by, will you?" he said. "I thought I would come and see if you wouldn't call at my house and wait until it is over. I hardly think it will last long."

Norma hesitated. "Couldn't I possibly get home, if I walk fast?" she inquired. "I didn't notice that a storm was coming up, I was so busy, and I'm afraid if I wait mother will be frightened about me."

"But I guess you will have to," he said, smiling down at her; and, sure enough, just as he spoke, the rain came down in torrents. "I shall have to beg your hospitality a while, I'm afraid, instead of your accepting mine," he added, advancing into the school-room.

"By all means; I'll try to do the honors to the best of my ability," said Norma, who was inwardly much relieved to have a companion, for, though not at all cowardly, she could not have helped feeling lonely to be there alone through the storm.

The elements soon broke out in all their fury. Wind, rain, hail and thunder made discordant sounds around them, while the lightning almost blinded them with its vivid flashes.

Norma had brought out the writing-books to show to Mr. Kendall, but he had scarcely attempted to look at them before the terrific storm so closed around them as to attract their whole attention. Norma involuntarily drew a little nearer to Mr. Kendall, and looked up into his face with an appealing glance that seemed to ask for protection or at least encouragement. Her hand lay on the desk close beside him,

and the temptation to clasp it was too strong to be resisted. His broad palm closed over it so strong and tender that Norma had no desire to withdraw it; and a sense of protection stole over her that was very pleasant to realize.

It was happiness to Mr. Kendall to sit there alone with Norma, holding her hand in his, for since his acquaintance with the fair young teacher he had been learning a new lesson, none the less sweet for coming so late in life. He dared not think what the world would be to him when this brief dream had passed and left him again lonely and desolate. I am afraid that, notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, he cherished a dim hope of some time winning this fair maiden to brighten his life and make it better worth living.

The storm was not of long duration. It soon passed over and Mr. Kendall reluctantly released the little hand that he had been holding. Norma felt an unwonted shyness in his presence that night, which she could hardly understand. He waited until she made her preparations to go home, and they walked together down the road as far as his home. He bade her good night with an unwonted tenderness in the tone, and Norma went home with a vague, nameless pleasure at her heart for which she could scarcely account.

One day as Mr. Kendall was working near the school-house an elegant carriage drove past and stopped at the school-house door, while a gentleman alighted and entered. As nearly as he could judge the stranger was young, well dressed and handsome, and Mr. Kendall found himself wondering who he was and what was his business. The horse remained standing before the door until school was dismissed, and Mr. Kendall tormented himself with conjectures which seemed hardly befitting a man so cold and stern and grave as he was thought to be. Was this a lover of Norma's come to claim the hand which had become so dear and precious to himself? There seemed no reason why it should not be. A beautiful girl like Norma did not often reach her twentieth year without admirers, and seldom without favoring some suitor.

At last he saw the children leave the school-house and knew that school was dismissed and Norma and the stranger were there alone. A half hour or more passed by, and then the objects of his solicitude came out and Norma was assisted into the carriage by the gentleman, who took a seat beside her and drove away towards her home. As they passed the place where he was at work, Norma leaned out of the carriage and bowed to him. He returned the bow in his uniformly courteous manner, but never in his life had any thing of that nature affected him so painfully as this little episode. This time he had a fair view of his rival, as he considered him. He was a young man with a very handsome face, a dark mustache and curling hair, and by his manner Mr. Kendall could not doubt that he was most interested in his fair companion.

For a long time after this Mr. Kendall did not watch Norma as he had done when she passed the house; and often she looked from the school-house windows to the field where he had spent so much time that summer to find nobody in sight. She missed something too in his manner that filled her with regret. He was not so cordial as formerly, and she feared that he was offended.

Mr. Kendall had occasion one night to call into the school-house. He had found something in the road which he thought might belong to one of the pupils, and he carried it in to leave it with the teacher that she might restore it in the morning to its owner. Norma was at the desk writing. Her cheeks were unusually flushed and she had a sheet of note paper before her, evidently writing a letter. And there on the desk, in plain sight, was a photograph of a handsome young man; indeed the very one who had aroused his jealousy weeks before. He would have retreated if he could, but she had already seen him. Her flushed cheeks flamed into crimson when she noticed him, and he saw her push a piece of paper over the photograph. Mr. Kendall found himself stammering like a bashful school-boy, but he succeeded in making known his errand and took his departure in the greatest possible haste. No sooner was he out of sight than Norma leaned her head on the desk and burst into tears. And Mr. Kendall, trying to rid himself of the fierce pain at his heart, went away to be alone with his great sorrow. He felt very bitter toward the fate which had robbed him of the love of the only woman he had ever cared for—that had taken from his desert-life the one bright oasis which might have freshened and beautified the whole.

Norma, passing his house one morning, saw him working in the garden, and noticed that he looked pale, and, as she thought, unhappy. He glanced up and bowed, but without his accustomed smile and pleasant word. Norma would have liked to ask him if he were ill or unhappy, but she dared not, for her acquaintance with him did not warrant it. But all that day her heart ached whenever she thought of him. It was already time for Mr. Kendall to visit Norma's school again, but he postponed it as long as he could. One afternoon, however, he entered the school for the purpose of making his official visit. Norma had never looked more beautiful. The flush called into her face by his entrance did not leave it again that afternoon, and neither teacher nor committee seemed to feel the interest in the school which the occasion demanded. Mr. Kendall was unusually absent-minded. He was thinking that in a few days longer the school would be closed, and Norma, perhaps, would be married before he should see her again. The school was dismissed, and the last pupil had departed, but Mr. Kendall still lingered. It was hard for him to leave her, for he would probably never have an excuse to seek her presence again.

"How have you enjoyed your school this summer, Miss Norma?" he inquired at last. "I suppose you will not be sorry when it is out."

"I don't know," was the hesitating answer; "it has been a great burden to me, certainly, but after all I think I shall be a little sorry when it is out." And she averted her face, leaning her cheek on her hand.

"Where do you expect to teach again, or shall you give up teaching for the future?" He felt his heart throb almost to suffocation as he awaited her answer. "I have not taken any school yet," she replied, "but I expect to soon, if possible. I shall have to do something for a livelihood, but I hope I shall not always find it as hard as it is now."

"Young ladies usually marry," ventured Mr. Kendall, with a grave smile.

"Then I must be different from young ladies in general," she replied, looking hard at the floor as she spoke, "for I do not expect to marry."

"Norma!" and now she could not help feeling the deep-thrilling passion in the tone, which could no longer be suppressed, "won't you answer me this one question, and not believe me impertinent? Are you engaged?"

"I am not," she answered, with trembling voice and drooping lids.

He clasped both of her hands in his. "Then, Norma, forgive me, but I must speak now, though certain it can do no good. I love you, child, as once I never dreamed of loving mortal woman. Oh! if you could give me the priceless treasure of your love, it would be the highest happiness that this world could ever bestow upon me. I dare not ask you for it, but whatever may betide, through all the years to come, I shall love you and you only."

There was a moment's silence, he still holding her hands closely. Then she looked up while the color that he had for the moment frightened away, crept slowly back into her cheeks. "There is no need to ask for what is yours already," she said in a low, trembling tone.

He caught his breath with a quick gasp. "Norma, Norma, what are you saying?" and his eyes, doubly bright with the fire of passion, scanned her blushing face. "Do you mean that you love me?"

She could not look at him, but she bowed her head. He drew her into his arms and kissed her.

"What have I done that God has blessed me so?" he whispered.

Norma rested her head on his arm in the fullest contentment and happiness. It was the crowning joy of Edward Kendall's whole life, and Norma trembled at the depth of feeling so suddenly revealed in the heart of one who had always been deemed so cold and unimpassible.

By-and-by she explained to him the nature of her acquaintance with the young man who had so awakened his jealousy. He was a young doctor with whom she had become acquainted when away at school. She had valued him as a friend, but nothing more, though he had sent her a letter containing his photograph, and asking her to be his wife. The letter which Mr. Kendall had surprised her writing, was a refusal of his offer.

Norma was not obliged, after all, to spend her days in the school-room, though she became both teacher and pupil in life's sweetest lessons. Mr. Kendall's youthful dreams were more than realized. His home was brightened by a wife's tenderness and devotion, beautiful children called him father, and his advancing years were made happy by the purest love that earth can know.